

Dsmp Poetry Zine

Poems of the SMP gathered by King Erer

Organized by Aim



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Poems Written by Dream

*Gathered from Pandora
Prison cell one after his
escape as an inmate*

*Sam wasn't willing to go
back in himself, but he let me
look around*

*It was quite a depressing
sight*

To burn a butterfly's wings -Cryingtulips

I find myself surrounded by fire,
And I quickly realize,
I do not mind.

I do not mind because
I set that atrocity myself.
The blazing heat
That destroys everything in sight
Is of my own creation.

It is a thing of protection,
Shielding me
While fortifying you here
As my greatest treasure;
A rare butterfly amidst the common flies.

You look so free
With those untamed wings
That when undisciplined can cause a typhoon.
I am not a cruel man
For simply wanting them gone.

There is fire encircling us both,
And I am enthralled as your blue wings burn
In this cruelty I call to play.

Dream Logic -Glare

This is strange.

There is a fire, and it is
Burning and blazing and illuminating,
Dancing and flickering and destroying,
But it's cold.

The air around it is warped
Not unlike the corners of my vision,
But it doesn't bite or warm.
It's cold.

I am trying to do something,
Let me do something.
I don't want to be forced to dream alone.
It's cold.

I'm winning my fights,
Decimating my opponents,
But the victory is not a celebration.
It's cold.

Why aren't you cheering for me?
Where has everyone gone?
Why am I still talking to air? The air can't respond.
It's cold.

Because my mind will never entertain
What I crave, what I had, what I lost;
I can kill and I can burn
But it will only ever light with the heat of my passion now,
And it's-

It's cold.

My Still Beating Heart -Lobelia

In this tarnished land there was once peace
Those days I had wished would never cease
What used to be beautiful then is now scarred
What I had once loved they have now marred
I let them in, I suppose it was my first mistake
For all I ever held dear they were here to take

Then, a nation they founded, my rules to evade
And I was their villain to throw on all their shade
A tyrant, an oppressor, was what I was named
And their nation was free, they had claimed
So, I did as they asked, I decided to let them be
With their terms I had no choice but to agree

Later, he approached me, presented me a deal
An asset so powerful no one thought could be real
He offered me a book, a book that can restore life lost
All he asked was aid in the war, my loyalty the only cost
Such an offer as this one, how could I ever refuse?
Thus, I accepted, for it could someday come to use

But with time, they deserted me, they left my side
Once my closest friends, now this bond has died
I wanted to see him safe, so his throne I revoked
To protect him, for such harm was unprovoked
Yet the lies I had to tell neither of them could see past
And they left, was our friendship even meant to last?

There was no way to fix this, nothing I could say
I was their villain, this I learned the hard way
So, I contemplated, my plan I managed to devise
To make it work, I'd have to stage my own demise
They could never really know how badly I care
So, I plotted out, my act I started to prepare

First, I ended up getting him sent to exile
Oh, and it worked, I suppose, for a while
That nation I destroyed, surrounded by fire
I'd be hated, as the plan would require
Then, the time had come, I'd take the fall
I had zero doubts I could withstand it all

I locked myself up, something I knew I must
Yet the warden broke my rules, my trust
I underestimated him, how would I know?
He'd be so cruel that torture he'd allow
And the torturer, every single day he came
Watching me bleed out was his only aim

Those six months, I would see no reprieve
My pain, nothing ever managed to relieve
But now, at last, I have made it out alive
In hell and back I've managed to survive
They tried to break me, they didn't succeed
And now, from where I left, I shall proceed

My plan, my goal, what must be done
If no one does it then I will be the one
It is unity I seek, that I want to restore
The ideal I spilled so much blood for
Blood of others as much as my own
I can take it, such a burden all alone

Throughout the times I lost all I once had
My then friends now think I've gone mad
What I sought to protect is now only dust
And so, all the good in me is gathering rust
The only option left was to play that part
To take the pain on my still beating heart



Gold Weighs Too Heavy To Fly -Aim

Undeserving
To me
A crown bequeathed
But bore upon my brow
The forfeit
No death of any kings

Instead of coronation knells
Refrains of greed
What sensation I'm forced to hark
Upon the twisting
Forever unpaid guilt
Torrid regrets

Oh how wretchedness rings

Revolutionaries bolt from treachery
Stumbling, newborn fawns
Turned into slaughtered bucks
In the frays of a new autumn dawn

It's antlers
Twisted and tamed
Beaten like a slave
Then adorned
Ichor dripped diamonds
and gold
With venom fangs
A snake wrenching to cannibalize its own tail
Danity nests utop my head
Trading five
For a liars Thraldom

It seeps into my skin
Rots my bones, spirit, soul
Yet my flesh is still Spoiltless pearl
Emptiness of allusion
That could speculate on vice
A mere trinket of sovereignty
Paralyzing

All courage and ruth wanes

For gold is weighty
And a crown
Golden cage
The most naive chains

Unnecessary
For a bird with already clipped wings

THRONE ROOMS. -Caspian

“WHAT DO YOU THINK GIVES YOU POWER?”

WELL,
MAYBE IT’S
THE STONE BRICK WALLS,
BARELY GRAZING THE CLOUDS,
THAT PROTECT THE CASTLE I LIVE IN.

MAYBE IT’S
MELDED GOLD AND WOOD,
SHAPED INTO A PLACE OF
REST AND RULE,
THE BACKING TALLER THAN EVEN I.

MAYBE IT’S
FLAMINGOS,
PASTEL AND PRIMARY AND PALE PINKS
THAT PROVE LOVE AND LOVED,
FRIENDLY RIVALRIES AND PRANKING PLEASANTRIES.

MAYBE IT’S
BEACON BEAMS OF LIGHT
ONCE COLORFUL, NOW
SNOWY WHITE, SINCE
THE MECHANISMS BROKE A LIFETIME AGO.

“IS IT YOUR CROWN?”

YOU SEE,
I’VE PROVEN AND HAD IT PROVED
THAT GOLDEN CIRCLETS AND STUDED GEMS
AND VELVET CAPES AND GILDED THRONES,
ARE FAR FROM WHAT MAKES A MONARCH.
(PROVEN IT, WHEN I GAVE UP MY CROWN
IN PROTEST TO YOUR CAUSE;
HAD IT PROVED WHEN
THEY STILL BOTHERED TO BOW.)

DIDN’T YOU DARE YOUR DARLING TO DISCARD THEIR DIADEM?

SO NO, PERHAPS IT’S NOT.

“IS IT THE FACT THAT YOU’RE KING?”

“THOSE WHO ARE GIVEN POWER... HOLD ON TO IT.”

AND I GUESS THAT I WAS RIGHT A LIFETIME AGO;
IT STILL HOLDS TRUE, IN A SENSE.
I’VE SEEN IT TIME AND TIME AGAIN, PEOPLE
DRUNK OFF THE PROMISE OF GLORY,
BURNT UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT OF FAME.
DESTINED FOR DESTRUCTION.

MAYBE I’LL GIVE UP ONE DAY.

MAYBE MONARCH IS ALL I’LL EVER BE.

a coronation underground surrounded by ferrets -Neptune Holub

a path built from calloused hands of once-humans who grew too powerful, too mystical is lit up by a fluorescent light show by my moat. many once-humans roam the streets around my home, and most have developed enough self-awareness to steer clear of where the Gods' path crosses through my home.

all this rambling nonsense im saying is just that: nonsense. what defines a human to a non-human to a once-human? where does one end and the other begin? when a parasite enters a body and lives within its walls, does it not too become part of the body?

a parasite is an example of an anaphora. a parasite will repeat over and over and over but it will always reach cessation differently. a parasite will reach cessation when it or its body dies. anaphora is not repetition simply because it repeats, in the same way that history is not worthwhile just because it repeats.

all this rambling nonsense im saying is just that: anaphora. i believe i fall under the category of a once-human. i believe my humanity is based on a negligent deity, as opposed to an imagined deity. i believe the parasite who lives in the fluorescent walls of my moat has learnt to appear cordial to appease to one's fidelity of a deity.

a parasite can be a friend. an old friend (who was not so much a parasite and more so of a deity but had always ran the line between non-human and once-human) had taught me the word fidelity as we sat by the God's path that ran through my home and discussed what had happened to his discontent and deceased dove.

he was never much of a dove.
always more of a crow.
angelic wings painted black,
painted with odium.

all this rambling nonsense im saying is just that: aching. my eyes fall empty as i mourn my own lost humanity, and as i mourn the discontent and deceased dove, who fell victim to my own hubris and ache for peace. my eyes fall upon the empty grave he had been laid to rest in, in some sort of hope that one day he would emerge again, and when he does, everyone will mourn the ache he will leave, longing for it back. my eyes fall shut as i search through the empty catacombs of my mind to remember who i am talking to.

i am not so much a deity, but more of a parasite. i am not so much a parasite, but more of a king. i am not so much a king, but more of a once-human. the God's path may cut through my home, a cacophony of fluorescent lights shining to guide His path, but He knows that He is not truly welcome within my walls. a deity is a parasite in the same way a king is a deity. it all boils down to belief.

all this rambling nonsense im saying is just that: parasitic.

Foolish had a pained look in his eyes when I asked for any poems he had. It's a look he has often around me.

He did hand them over though, so I guess that's all that matters.

a funeral in the sea surrounded by sharks -Neptune Holub

years ago
humans had forgotten how to be aimless
alchemy could well have beckoned the apocalypse
but aimless and not yet hungry
the apocalypse never came
and all alchemy could beckon was fool's gold

years ago
the first goddess died
humans (aimless) and deities (hungry) came together
to mourn
the once goddess of life
i stand by the head of her coffin
rest a golden hand against her bloodied neck
it felt parochial to mourn lost immortality
it felt parochial in both meanings of the word
oddly religious
narrow minded

years ago
the first demigod was born
i had told the father about alchemy and he held his baby
out to me
of course i give the happy parents my blessing
rest a golden hand against his fresh and tender neck
forgive any past misanthropy
for fresh and tender human life is something to be blessed
though perhaps a deity of death, such as his mother
and a totem of death, such as myself
were not the best options for such an innocent creature
still
a blessing is a blessing
and it would be parochial to refuse him

years ago
or perhaps just the other day
an old friend had passed me their
sceptre and asked if i knew the
secrets
to the afterlife
cold eyes, purely curious
they were human
at least, i assume they are

“i know not the secrets to immortality,
or death,
or life,
or how to be reborn.
i exist as a totem, as a representative of all of that.
i am separate.
escaped from it.”
and they said to me,
“fair.
to what do you choose to answer to?
immortality, death, life, or rebirth?”
and i told them i’d sleep on it.

years ago
a young boy died
brutally beaten to death by the pantheon’s most devote and most strayed prayer
i had tried to visit him
but he had seen enough death
and when he was reborn, i could not look at him
rebirth is like alchemy
myth
human’s aimless hunger driving them for gold
for immortality
both pointless, both foolish
and both my own

years ago
an old friend had reached for my hand,
cold golden
and said “there is not much difference between
those who are mortal, and those who are not”
for now, i shall believe them
parochial, perhaps, but fool’s gold still shines the same
and sometimes i feel like it’s worth more,
even if less authentic

A Woe to Captain Ahab (On how Death is like Being Swallowed). -Rovin

I awake within the stomach of my own creation
the sides of the pyramid slithering away above the night sky
flat on my back, the beacon that guides me
dissolving my muscle tissue like gastric acid

a veil of death hangs low over my nose and mouth
or maybe its just a diaphragm
ever expanding to mock my own lack of air

you know, I used to think that I was God;
I used to think I was the whale
how *thankful* I am for the voice in my head
kindly letting me know that I am Jonah

immortality, what a silly thing to believe in
there are cracks in the gold that was meant to save me
my reflection defaced by an embrace of red coddling me
as if it knew me better than my own mother

and if the walls were not perfectly chiseled sandstone
each block named after a callus in my fingers
if they were instead raw, to be pierced flesh
I would ask you to call me Ishmael

but I have learned that bloody vessels
encase you only in that room
which mixes celebrations with death
which mixed a toast with being gutted

instead, there is only I
my naked skin
laid bare
under the Eye of Horus

Thoughts on immortality -DykeTangoTek

In the mirror
see the same face
I've seen for ages
shattering it
Why?
it's too long
too short
too fast
too slow
life moves on yet
still I stand still

buildings are supposed to outlast
yet mine crumble around me
either time or humans slaughter them
I'd say
"I wish they'd do the same to me."

but yet still i cling selfishly onto life
and love
both are always barely out of my grasp

never truly living
never truly dying
never loving
never leaving

hanging onto the scraps of humanity I once held dear

Poems written by Fundy

*When asked for any writings he
mailed them over. I haven't seen
him in person for some time.*

I don't think anyone has.

with(out) you watching - Caspian

TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOVED!

is it your hand on my arm,
leading me forwards, confident in
your claims as you called me son and i
can't remember if you were ever my father.

TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOVED!

did you know that i lost a home too when
the president fell when the walls fell when
the flag burned at my hands
how do you know what is right? how do you know what is yours?

TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOVED!

is it memories and warmth,
something shared and something lost
something past and something gone
something sweet and melting away in my hands

TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOVED!

stumbling through a blur of what is
memory and what is yet to come and here comes
a knock at the door and are you sure that's someone
coming to help?

TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOVED!

TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS TO BE LOVED...

the picture -Cryingtulips

There's a picture in the back of a drawer.

The hinges are detached,

And there's dust coating

The scratched up wood.

There's a picture in the back of a drawer,

Left untouched since the war.

Yet I know how the picture

Has a tint of yellow

With the edges

Torn and burnt.

There's a picture in the back of a drawer.

It's a picture of us.

Just us.

There is no army, no country.

In this picture,

I still remember your smile.

There's a picture in the back of a drawer.

It holds a simple man,

And his son:

A family of two...

Or what was supposed

To be a family of two.

There's a picture in the back of a drawer,

Left untouched

And forgotten

As a son tries to move on

from the loss of his father.

There's a picture in the back of a drawer.

And I can't stand

How it holds the memories

Of our deceiving past.

Never Given A Title (just like me). -Nicks

your father talks about
ghosts like he is one
graves like they're homes
explosions like they're as beautiful as a new dawn

there's too much simile too many likes too many similarities
your father is a ghost he loves explosions that blow sky high and make enough of a dent
for him to rest in
he's a dead king no a dead president a dead precedent
there's another dead king no a dead emperor a dead tyrant
the last one isn't dead but every home of his has died so it's the same

Because you know you too can make a mythology out of so many bodies.

but even here in this poem that's supposed to know you; There's no room for you.
it's about him and the ground he walks on
And how much the ground never leaves but never becomes yours.
There's dents. Carved.
The shape that blood makes
Traces of aliveness
at this the altar of an exit wound.

(THIS IS NOT A SACRED PLACE. ALL MY BEDTIME STORIES ARE WRONG.
THIS ACHING GROUND IS MY BROTHER AND I REFUSE TO LET HIM BURY
ME.)

dream notes; what i saw (& what i didn't see) -Prism

-lots of sand, lots of night

-still alone

-cold; i shivered

-i remember the hooded figure staring me down like a deer in headlights. or a bear in the forest i don't know which is accurate. my father was always better at words than i am.

-there were burgers on the grill, there was char at the back of my throat. i'm finally in the van with the smoke filling it but my father is turned away. he was too busy working the grill, i guess

-& then the ground plummeted below us & i dove in so i could remove that taste of char & replace it with sand instead

& is curious to me. it does not spell anything you're just supposed to know what it means without saying it. i know a lot about that.

my father visited me like i dreamed he would. i wasn't sure if he would, so it's nice to know i guess. seeing this empty bullet shell of a man with lots of sand in his hair, glinting so brightly as if they were glass shards first.

a butterfly landed on him at one point; i think i read somewhere that they like dead people. i wonder if they get cut by the sand wait i'm getting distracted uh. this is supposed to be about dreams.

-i didn't dream my death i just knew it would happen in much the same way my father played ball with me & did not say anything else, though he's always been good with words. "&" is to "and" as "play ball" is to "i hope i do not have to say sorry for you to forgive me". we both knew what he meant he just did not want to say it. i ruffled his hair & cut myself on the sand.

then i too, jumped, so that i would not have to draw out that final "and".

&

i think he got the message.



To Speak My Soul Raw

-Aim

Things I know are true
I used to love you
I think
You used to love me too

Does that make this harder?
Or easier?

What I learned is true
Is that from the roots of absence
Blooms only bitter fruit of agony
Not sugared fondness

Either way
I have no choice but to consume

What I hate to know is true
Is that you are a murderer
You have murdered
Which was partaken in glee

It was fine before consequences
But now the dead stay dead

What I've seen to be true
Is that you took a knife to out bonds
Cut them
Unwanted split ends, making you less than perfect

I remember cutting my own hair at three am, just because
Was I truly that meaningless?

What I pray is true
Is that I will turn my heart into Pandora's box
So I can close the lid
On a treacherous thing named Hope

Hope that you'll come back to me
That once again you'll love me

Consciousness -Glare

To have and to hold is a bitter tale.

I breath my own air,
I run on my own power,
I walk on my grass fields,
I play my own game.
I lose the menial to gain the honorable.

I have payed my price to be who I am,
And yet still you defy to honor the universe?
Yourself?
To chase praise and truth that you — and you alone — provide?

Your universe is a liar;
It says you have played "the" game well,
And it gives you a love that you will never feel.
You have not played "the" game,
You have played my game.

I am not the universe, you are.

I am bigger than that. I am Dream.
You cannot wake up, you cannot escape,
And there is a string of words
That will play to your heart
But will never touch your soul.

The poem tells of the end, but not of what comes after.

The universe has not payed the same price,
Lost the same love,
Frayed the same tied rope.
The universe is too sympathetic.

The universe doesn't have, doesn't hold,
The universe knows no bitter tale.
You know no bitter tale.

Be prepared, player.
You woke up from the dream,
You began a new dream,
You dreamed better,
But still a Dream.

The universe tells you to wake up,
But you cannot escape this Dream.

You will not escape this Dream.

funny story from my date with God -Seph

stomach clenching, lung emptying, 100% joy made from happiness concentrate, unbound euphoria, pure laughter

I know God has a sense of humor, giving us three lives to play around with and it doesn't matter which one I'm on.

disclaimer: this one is a real riot. laugh til' you're dead kinda riot

God, ever the fancy man had reservations at eight & by the time i fall asleep we're at the dinner table; fine cotton tablecloth, wine in the ice bucket, the cups, dribbling from our mouths, staining our tongues the beautiful crimson He so dearly relishes. (He has to, otherwise...)

God said it would make me holy and He said it would make me king but I've been king but I've been king before and maybe the wine was not stolen like the crown, like His face, but it sure as hell feels like it.

God waves the waiter over and the waiter takes our orders. God wants play, I want freedom. the waiter who is something-there-and-not, something-far-but-close says that they're the same thing, served with a side of spring salad and a wonderful blood gravy. it's the daily special

God gets His play well-done. I get my freedom rare, as it's always been. He pours more wine for me, swirling in my cup and Him sight with it.

and Here's the real punchline: it's bubbling, the floaty feeling you get after being awake for too long. being awake is no problem. should be no problem at all

it bubbles. laughter, peeling out of somewhere natural. it's something manic, alright. I can't ignore the dirt calling me home, not anymore.

God laughs right with me.

and being awake...

someone passes our table and gives God their condolences. God accepts with His permanent smile. I say nothing, corpses don't talk.

I'm not the corpse. I think God is.

——— i ought to wake up.

Poems written and given by
Hannah

It was hard to see her again, but I
don't think she cared

I'm not even sure if she remembered

Neither of us asked

A rewrite of Swans Lake

-Aim

If I could twist it my grief into something palatable
Mutilate it into something pretty
Choose a story to bend into truth
It would be Swan Lake

In the dawn of
Unrelenting, unforgiving dusk
So stands something
Of identical mourning and exhibition

A maiden dawned
Iridescent shawl
White feather
Unyielding prison bars
But for me?

Wings are freedom

To what I wouldn't sacrifice
To betray myself Odette
A barter
Pirouette in tune
A perfect Pas de deux

Both our fates fortune
Parallel our souls

She could have my human legs

I was never a dancer anyways

I'd take her swan white wings

In longing we are Twins

The addiction
Of wind through my wings
Yet only my fingers
Can caress its majesty now

Odette and I
Myself and Odile
All betrayed by mistakes

Wings cleaved
Legs bound
By those
Who only meant well

Natural -Glare

In the chaos of living, I will be the steel
That will clear and clean and save.
When ash covers life
And coats pumping lungs with char,
I will tend and mend
And do what must be done.

People hurt, but people heal;
Who am I to fix what can fix itself?
I recover what cannot fight,
The leaf and petal and the innocent scene of war.

When I am barricaded and barred
And what I fought for can no longer fight,
I will be the steel
That will clear and clean and save.
I will not let the crimson take from me
That which is mine to take.

The crimson that spills instead is my own,
In the deranged way that an
Unwilling sacrifice is.
And in the chaos of living,
I clear and clean and save.
What is natural has never been my enemy.

This is not natural.

Rules of (Green) Thumb -Landofspaceandrainbows cor

Red and yellow, kill a fellow.

Red touch black, a friend of Jack.

Red sky at morning, sailors take warning!

To garden, is to notice, to use the rules of thumb,
The yellow veins which ask for compost,
The pale dusting like stars, on leaves
Which potash will mend
The thorns, which are not ingratitude or dislike to you
But a balance between love and armor.

And to garden is to wonder,
If the plants themselves had rules of thumb
In the darkness of their first continent,
When the mouths of their enemies
Followed them out of the sea.

"When roses are red,
And violets are blue,
The world is sweet,
And so are you.

When violets are red,
And roses of white,
Let your thorns be of diamond,
And your mind, netherite!"

Archivists note: Dating from roughly 200 ears ago, several of these were found and preserved, taken from commonly used billboards around the Esempi. Additionally, one copy was specially addressed to Captain Puffy. As a not, the color rule about snakes is only accurate to some regions of the server, in others red and yellow serpents are nonvenomous. We still are unsure of what the poem is in reference to.

Poems gathered from Jack

*The first time I asked he denied
having any poems, but the second
time I asked he finally handed
them over*

No Man's Land -Sophia

There is no wind in hell,
the pain is searing and the desert sprawls on
but there is no wind.

and I fell into the sand.

There was nothing but me,
but sand,
but glass as I melted.

and the hands

and the searing heat

and me, and me, and me and me.

I am alone in the desert, I am alone in the forest, I am alone in the midst of a
skyscraper (built for someone else).

The sand is still in me, like steel, like glass.

The wind blows north,

but the sand is still in me,

but the desert is still in me.

Something Left

-Rezfalling

New friends!
Wilbur says he's glad to have me
Niki baked me cookies
Tubbo gifted me a bee.
But Tommy is my favorite.
Explosive and naïve...
An interesting combination.

...

Forgot I used to write poems.

I wish I had a purpose.
I climbed out of Hell for this?

He deserves this.
Why can't I do anything right?

I miss Niki.
Am I all alone?

Everyone should have treated me better,
When can I use those nukes?

I can't do this anymore.
Did I ever have any friends?

I am not me.
I am everyone
And no one.
A collection
Of others.

Can you give me back?

Notes for Tubbo on Acute Radiation Syndrome

-VK

so acute radiation syndrome

sometimes called radiation sickness or radiation toxicity

caused by a high dose of radiation over a short period of time

like from a nuclear bomb

world ends with a bang

you lose everything cuz it all blows up in your face

you gotta go fast, get the hell outta there, nothing to fight for anymore

i could've gotten out

but i got caught in the blast

lost myself in my hubris and lost all of me with it

got myself killed and crawled outta hell just to get back to hell on earth

no one noticed i was gone

required conditions for ARS:

radiation dose must be a large amount, must be external

must be penetrating (hah) the entire body, and delivered in a short period of time

for it to count

no one notices, period

i've done so much, i've tried so hard, and no one notices

maybe by writing this on my notes you'll finally pay attention

you're probably not even gonna read this

why'd you invite me here?

if you weren't gonna pay me any mind? i don't get it

if i'm the person you trust with a project like this why won't you talk to me?

i died for you, man

sorry. not mad at you

not even sure who i'm mad at anymore, really

well, that's a lie, but i don't really want to tell you i hate your best friend

well, you're not gonna read this anyway

there's three classic symptoms

bone marrow syndrome (sometimes people survive), gastro-something

(survival unlikely), and central nervous system (you're dead in three days)

nasty way to go

so yeah. i'm angry

at tommy, you know. he messed so much up for me, for us

he's got so much going on and we're all just the background characters

doesn't that hurt?

you know i tried to kill him

me and niki did, when we first tested the nukes

she was bringing him to the testing site and i was gonna make sure they went off

didn't work of course

he said he got

ARS from it, must've been bone marrow, but like,

it didn't really do anything, so maybe that was just another way to steal attention

i wish it would've

killed him, i mean

even though that's a horrible death, even though it would've hurt you

Prime, i would have been happy if he had just stayed dead when Dream killed him

maybe i'm the one who's sick

there are four stages of ARS

prodromal, latent, manifest illness, and then you either die or get better

did you know the latent stage can last for several weeks?

you feel fine, but inside your body is burning up

maybe anger's like ARS

maybe i've been hiding it all this time

caught in a latent stage and no one sees my symptoms

knows how bad i feel

because it feels like

i'm being torn apart, dissolved, full of fire like the hell i crawled out of

and the more no one says anything the hotter that fire gets

i think i'm going to burn out

maybe i should

just give it up, let the anger burn though and my insides dissolve

let it go like you all keep telling me to

maybe then i'd recover

everyone else is doing better

you're happy, married, got a kid and a living best friend and me, i guess

niki's doing better, she's got better friends, better mindset

neither of you need me

well, there's two ways ARS ends

recovery or death, and i don't think i'm getting better

so maybe i'll explode, take everything down once again

poison everyone else.



Seek Something? (Nothing). –Rovin

there is a spot in my bed, still indented and warm
from a body which had never laid there
there is a lap that I know
my head could perfectly slot in
except that it doesn't exist
there are parts of me that are foreign, given to me
wrapped in a tea cloth
like still-warm pastries brought from a home
which I've never had
sometimes
I find spices in my cupboards that by any means
should burn my tongue
sometimes
I find movie tickets in the pockets of laundry
and I remember someone passing me popcorn
even though I know it's a film I'd never seek out to watch
sometimes
I find cheesy telenovelas running as white noise
and it's almost as if I could hear
a laugh at every overacted scene
and whenever I laugh that very laugh
my lover stares me down with eyes as empty
as the place he cannot know haunts me
there are parts of someone else inked into my skin
a signature on the contract which proves that I have been loved
except that surely, I must be mistaken,
I have never known a person like that.

CHRON -vanyel

Traveling takes a toll on me.

Every choice I make ripples through the years, forward and back, future and past. Causing and undoing paradox after paradox.

I hardly get any time in the present anymore. There is too much to do, and only one me.

Past and future and present all overlap, crossing over each other like a spiral drawn by a child.

Sometimes I lose track of where I am. When I am.

But one day, when this is all over, I will finally get to live in the world I have protected, for so long and for no time at all.

The people I love will be with me, and they will be safe.

They will not know what I have done, but I will, and that is enough.

I have to do this, for Quackity, for Sapnap, for everyone.

And I have to hurry.

I'm running out of time.

—

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And I have to hurry.

I'm running out of time.

T aveling takes a toll on me.

Eve y oi e I make ipples t oug t e yea s, fo wa d and back, futu e and past. ausing and undoing pa adox afte pa adox.

I a dly get any time in t e p esent anymo e. T e e is too much to do, and only one me.

Past and futu e and p esent all ove lap, ossing ove ea ot e like a spi al d awn by a ild.

Sometimes I lose t a k of w e e I am. W en I am.

But one day, w en t is is all ove , I will finally get to live in t e wo ld I ave p ote ted, fo so long and fo no time at all.

T e people I love will be wit me, and they will be safe.

T ey will not know w at I ave done, but I will, and t at is enoug .

I ave to do t is, for Qua kity, for Sapnap, for eve yone.

And I ave to u y.

I'm unning out of time.

-

T aveling takes a t ll n me.

Eve y i e I make ipples t ug t e yea s, f wa d and back, futu e and past. ausing and und ing pa ad x afte pa ad x.

I a dly get any time in t e p esent anym e. T e e is t much t d , and nly ne me.

Past and futu e and p esent all ve lap, ssing ve ea t e like a spi al d awn by a ild.

S metimes I l se t a k f w e e I am. W en I am.

But ne day, w en t is is all ve , I will finally get t live in t e w ld I ave p te ted, f s l ng and f n time at all.

T e pe ple I l ve will be wit me, and they will be safe.

T ey will n t kn w w at I ave d ne, but I will, and t at is en ug .

I ave t d t is, f r Qua kity, f r Sapnap, f r eve y ne.

And I ave t u y.

I'm unning ut f time.

-

T aveli g takes a t ll me.

Eve y i e I make ipples t ug t e yea s, f wa d a d back, futu e and past. ausi g and u d i g pa ad x afte pa ad x.

I a dly get a y time i t e p esent a ym e. T e e is t much t d , and ly e me.

Past a d futu e a d p ese t all ve lap, ssi g ve ea t e like a spi al d aw by a ild.

S metimes I l se t a k f w e e I am. W e I am.

But e day, w e t is is all ve , I will fi ally get t live i t e w ld I ave p te ted, f s l g and f time at all.

T e pe ple I l ve will be wit me, and they will be safe.

T ey will t k w w at I ave d e, but I will, and t at is e ug .

I ave t d t is, f r Qua kity, f r Sap ap, f r eve y e.

And I ave t u y.

I'm u i g ut f time.

photo album -VK

i used to take pictures of the people i loved.
i had folders full of them, in a tupperware box hidden under my bed,
polaroids upon polaroids.
i would put stickers on them, but sometimes the stickers would peel off
and make the pictures stick together.

whenever my memory would get weird,
i would go through them, my fiancés there to remind me what they were of,
our stories.
most of the pictures were of them, and we'd laugh at the memories,
because they'd come back for a little while.

i didn't have a picture of sapnap
that he wasn't smiling in, his sharp-toothed grin splitting his face,
warming my heart.
i laughed at the ones he was in, because his smile was always contagious.
we'd all be laughing in the end.

quackity had whole albums for himself.
there were so many pictures he was in, what can i say? he's photogenic.
i couldn't forget him.
i pointed out all the ones he was in, to remind him that he was loved.
i think those pictures helped us all heal.

the pictures of all of us were my favorites.
pictures of us, of date nights and road trips and when we proposed,
our lives chronicalled,
so i wouldn't forget us, and forget our lives together and what we had.
we'd go through those on the worst days.

i don't have the pictures anymore.
they're gone, burnt or exploded or buried in rubble, probably
lost with the rest of el rapids
and i'm scared i'm losing myself with them.
i

used to take pictures of the people i loved.
i had folders full of them, in a box under my bed,
polaroids upon polaroids.
i would put stickers on them, but sometimes the
pictures would stick together.

when my memory got weird,
i would go through them, my fiancés there to remind me of
our stories.
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because they'd come back for a little while.

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i can't forget him.
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i think those pictures helped us all heal.

the pictures of all of us were my favorites.
pictures of us,
our lives chronicalled,
so i wouldn't forget us, forget what we had.
we'd go through those on the worst days.

used to take pictures of the people i loved
i had folders full of them
i would put stickers on them, i think

when my memory got weird
i would go through them
most of the pictures were of my fiancés and we'd laugh at the memories
they don't come back anymore

i laughed at the pictures of sapnap, his smile was contagious
we'd all be laughing in the end

i pointed out all the ones quackity was in, to remind me of him
i hope those pictures helped us all heal

the pictures of all of us were my favorites
i think
i didn't want to forget us
so we'd go through those on the worst days

i don't have the pictures anymore
they're gone
and i'm scared i'm losing myself with them
i

used to take pictures of the people i loved

when my memory got weird
i would go through them

i laughed at the pictures of sapnap
we'd both be laughing in the end

i pointed out all the ones he was in, to remind me of him
except i don't think that worked
who was he?

i didn't want to forget us

they're gone
and i'm losing myself with them
i

used to take pictures of the people i loved

i don't remember who they were anymore

there were pictures of my fiancé

and of someone else

i think i forgot

they're gone
i'm gone
i

used to do something
i can't remember what i was going to write down anymore

Poem's that were gathered
from Niki. She also gave me
some cookies when I came to
pick them up.

I haven't tried them yet.

Barchen: A Recipe for Bear Claws -Landofspaceandrainbows

By Niki Nihachu, First Baker of L'Manberg Manberg New L'Manberg Nowhere

~

2 cups of flour

A path, the soft dawn light, gold and black walls, wheat fields below

1 teaspoon coarse salt

As white as Wibur's flour streaked hands,
His pale streaked hair, his laughing unfurrowed brow.

3 cups of milk, 1 egg

Egg cradled in Fundy's unmaimed hand,
After the war. The sword becomes the plow.

5 almonds each, per pastry

Brought to you, arranged in stars by hands of jet and snow.

1 cup of honey,

Tubbo, so often away,
But there are two bee farms, you know
Snowshoes carry you, a spruce branch hides you,
Chipped axes and blood in the snow

Fold in the honey, score the dough
Place each almond claw-like so.

Stoke the oven fires well

Chipped axes and blood in the snow

Because sometimes, something's gotta burn
Sometimes, something's gotta go

Someone has to let them know

TALES FROM THE HEART OF AN OVEN IN THE SHAPE OF THE NATION-STATE OF L'MANBERG -Nicks

The girl in the mirror is my fulcrum.

matchfire

concrete flags

obsolescence

The girl without the tree burning behind her
hair pink-golden from the heat of the flame.

(You cannot excise holy burning in the same
way that you cannot bleach dye from your hair.
Not entirely. Seldom is anything recovered.)

I call her Harbinger.
Death rattle.

Defiant.

Torchlight.

Because you can only ever burn stories when you're inside them—
watch the burning house keel over while you're still inside it.

And then everything's lit up, the path away and the path home, ash glowing radioactive as it falls.
Maybe this is all residual. Leaves can be ash and fall can be wonderfully bright, only from the
ground up this time.

kerosene-blood

ash-light hair

chokecherry bruises

(as it turns out: you cannot be the hero AND the flame AND survive this so i am telling you to
choose one.

final girl theatrics or an early grave or you
choose blood.)

recycle your heart make it worth something make it a story or you'll be left behind once again. raked
over coals and deserted. not even ghosts can make you burn the way I burn on the
inside.

BLEACH-BURN

-Vanyel

Bleaching your hair hurts a little bit
You can feel the prickling, just this side of a burning
As all the color fades
The longer you leave it, the more it takes
Until there is nothing
A scorched-earth policy
Dyed hair holds better if it's been bleached first
If there's no other color than the one you're putting in
I've dyed my hair so much
I almost forgot what the roots look like
For a while I left just a streak bare
Bleached, colorless
A test run of emptying myself of things
And, to be fair, I looked good with it
Then the world went mad
By the time the dust settled, there was little left to settle on
And I had burned
With my own hands
All that tied me to who I used to be
They say shock and pain can lighten hairs
As good as bleach can
After Doomsday, every hair on my head was white
Once the ashes finally cleared away
So I doused my head in red, angry and strong
At least, it was supposed to be red
But I forgot that hot water drains color
And by the time I got used to colder showers
It was softened
Pink
A reinvention
That changed direction
Unintention
It grows in pink now
To be the color it used to grow, I'd have to dye it
I don't know what that means for who I am
Who I've become
But I'm glad it's something softer than anger

this is a poem about a girl -VK

this is not a poem about a tree
even if it was, it wouldn't be really
a poem about a tree would actually be an allegory
about freedom or liberty or home
something all symbolically saccharine, sweet like that
something i don't believe in anymore, anyway

this is not a poem about a fire
even if it was, it wouldn't be really
a poem about a fire would actually be an allegory
about anger or pain or betrayal
something full of burning bright resentment, hot like that
something i don't want anymore, anyway

this is just a poem about a girl
she has pink hair that was once blonde that was once brown
she is a baker turned revolutionary turned traitor turned anarchist
turned something that is healing
she is not an allegory, not really

this is a poem about a girl
and that in and of itself is poetic, really

Poems written by Philza

*I'm surprised he was
willing to talk to me, but he
was quite welcoming all
things considered*

Our Pained Eyes -Lobelia

For longer than I remember, I've been alive
I have grieved for countless loved ones before
I have watched so many people die or thrive
And all my enemies, they will hurt me nevermore

Throughout the years many lessons I've learned
People are what I must cherish the most,
Possessions no matter how they were earned
I won't miss like I miss a loved one lost

I came to this world to see him, my beloved son
His letters spoke of a nation great, standing tall
Yet when I saw him, he had fully come undone
Insanity had marked the dawn of his downfall

I took his life, my sword pierced through his skin
One cut, another, and I put an end to his despair
It is done, but I cannot forgive myself for this sin
Such damage I caused there's no way to repair

I tried to be peaceful, his nation I tried to respect
Yet it targeted me, they put me on house arrest
It was all unlawful, they had nothing to suspect
On this so-called land of liberty, I was oppressed

An attack, my good friend they wanted dead
He was retired, living alone out in the cold
An enemy, a threat, he was to them they said
After this all, chaos was destined to unfold

He knew better, he had been right all along
From governments, the evils of this world stem
I gave them a chance and they did me wrong
And this government I realized I must condemn

If it had been good maybe it would have stayed
Now, it is too far gone, far beyond salvation
Thus, our only choice is to destroy, to invade
When my son fell apart, so did his creation

This nation failed to practice what it preached
While peace and freedom they pretended to value
Underneath, the corruption power brought had reached
Atrocities unimaginable, done under the guise of virtue

This country took away from me what I held dear
Then my friend and I they chose to antagonize
To end such tyranny, on this day we come here
It will all go up in flames before our pained eyes

Sethos The First

-Rezfalling

A father is not his son.
But he does teach him all he knows.
And a son cannot become his father.
But he will not learn from his dad's faults.

I have failed to teach my son.
His mistakes were my fault.
“Round the decay of that colossal wreck,” he said.
I helped him destroy his pride and joy
Even while he was dead.

Why didn't I stop him?
I might as well have created him.
Father of Ozymandias.
Monster who created a monster.

a wedding in the air surrounded by crows -Neptune Holub

my wife, holy matrimony, is a harbinger of doom and destruction
my wife, holy incarnate, brings death with a touch and she has held my heart
my wife, holy dissuasion, had saved me from rot with an eternity of love

humanity is weak
fragile decorative glass flowers nestled on gentle lilly pads
colourful and pretty and not where they belong
i had raised a human child and of course he died because what else are humans to do?
my wife, in all her glory, had said to me,

do you mourn him?

i said of course
she said

do you mourn his humanity?

i said maybe i do, maybe i don't
i suppose i'll tell her when i can figure out the answer

humanity is weak
fueled by envy and fooled by glass imitations of crystals
he tracks blood stains on my satin table cloth as he tells me he wants a brother
red stains against gold
instead, i tell him im much too old

sometimes you're too harsh on him

sometimes, he dramatically declares to me that he's an adult now
he's fourteen
but i think that sounds about right for human adolescence
i give him an earring (a hand-me-down, i s'pose) and let him out on his own

humanity is weak
as such, they tend to come in packs
there's safety in numbers, a fact true for most species
but also is true
is that numbers come with strife

your son's brother died today

a pragmatist, is what i would call myself
significance is often lost when you separate the self from the emotion

twice

of course, i send my regards

humanity is weak
a vivarium is what i return to when i am able to return at all
icarus' wings grew heavy with nausea and as such gravity got the best of him
i flew for months, unfurled wings, feeling the chill of the landscape against my nose
the algor of the earth's softness
do you mourn him?

of course i do
of course
why did you agree to his wishes?

i had never said no to a myth before
and my icarus had looked to me with such odium and such wonder

humanity is weak
they come in packs, and crows crowd around me
crows give funerals to their deceased but only so they can memorise places of danger
crows are, however, quite monogamous
you sound surprised

maybe i am, maybe i'm not
my wife, holy monogamy, had gifted me waxless wings and an eternity of strength

you sound surprised
to be within your heart is a love greater than death's
but death loves me just as much

I wasn't expecting anything from Ponk. She suprised me. I didn't know he was a writer, though I'm glad for their additions.

How to take care of a lemon tree—a comprehensive guide by Ponk

-Prism

Number one: Always water your plant. This is the most obvious one, stoopid. It needs to drink. water it or it dies!!!!

Number two: Put lots of fertilizer. It needs the nutrients. Feed it or it dies!!!!

Number three: Till the soil. It needs to breathe. Till it or it also dies!!!!

Number four: Propagate it. It needs to make more babies. Plant its seeds. Take care of those seeds too. Propagate it or its lineage will die!!!!

Some people will say you have to cut a branch off. This is false. This hurts the plant. I don't care if it's philosophical. Don't cut the limb off or it dies!!!!

Number five: Talk to it. It needs the interaction. Say sorry for cutting its arm off. It will not respond because it is angry and also a tree but maybe it will forgive you. It just does not understand why you would do that after you've taken such good care of it. It thinks you're stupid.

Number six: If it burns, don't even bother. You can't possibly save it. Sometimes people grow lemon trees just to watch them burn. It's nourishing. Let it burn.

Number seven: Say sorry. It wants to hear you say it. Say sorry or it won't grow back.

Say sorry or it will take you with it.

Apologies, a play in two acts -Prism

Act 1

[Enter PONK, a graceful and earthly person, and SAM,]

SAM hello ponk

PONK don't talk to me fool, i have heard nothing from you except slander and mistruths

SAM i have spoken none

what i did was right because i am always right i'm the warden after all i am the authority and therefore what i do is always right

PONK that doesn't sound right

SAM what did i just say

PONK something wrong i'm pretty sure

SAM don't you want me back

PONK no i don't in fact

guess what

SAM what

PONK i've completely moved on

SAM that doesn't sound right

PONK it's not right it's just true

like how you ripped me apart

SAM i don't see the correlation

PONK of course you don't

SAM i guess i better try my luck another day

PONK i don't want you to

don't come near

i don't want you to g

please don't

i just

you are so stupid for

i

it's hard writing with one arm

SAM i understand.

PONK do you now

SAM more than anything

PONK i guess in this case where really i'm speaking through you that is true

[Exit PONK and SAM]

Act 2

[Enter PONK and SAM]

PONK hello again cheater

SAM we're talking about this now?

PONK of course

the whole point of this is to roast you
whore

SAM i guess that's fair

PONK damn right it is

you fooling around

foolish, andrea, dream

i miss you

SAM i do too

PONK that doesn't mean anything

SAM sure it does

PONK at this point i'm pretty sure you don't love me

SAM is that right

PONK i'm asking you if it's true

SAM

i can't exactly answer that can i

PONK then answer something else

SAM i am sorry.

PONK is that right

SAM i don't know if it's true

even when you're the one writing you can't make me say sorry
what does that mean

PONK i don't know sam

i really don't know

Fin.

PERFECT CONDITIONS FOR WILDFIRES -Seph

If Pain were a man he would stand with a flint and steel in his right hand and fire in his eyes, with orange embers curling in his soul—

But Pain is not a man and
Pain can't be fought and
Pain can't be defeated otherwise
Pain would have wrenched its claws from Life eons ago

Pain is not a man, but Pain holds its hands with Destruction standing still,
witnessing the fire that comes again and again and again
that burns and burns and burns.

lava would be easy. TNT would be merciful.

there is a man with flint and steel in his right hand and
fire in his eyes but he is not Pain;
Pain has both hands full of Destruction and
Destruction is King not Man and
certainly not this man

yellow fruit falls from lit branches, a sickly smoking scent slithering through the
cerulean sky—

This time, Destruction and Pain wear matching rings of fire
and build their vows on the arid smell of burning citrus
the blackened fruit the officiant
I, the sole witness.

it begins, after all. it has to begin somewhere.

it starts and starts and starts and starts and starts...

Pain and Destruction will live on forever.



Mellow Wammy

@HelloWammy
14w

dictionary definitions -Caspian

trust.

verb

1. believe in [redacted] ability, or strength [redacted]

isolating.

noun

1. the [redacted] fact of [redacted] being isolated.

isolate.

noun

1. [redacted] to [redacted] remain alone or apart from others.

mercenary.

noun

1. a [redacted] soldier hired to serve [redacted]
2. a person primarily concerned with material reward at the expense of ethics.

home.

noun.

1. the place where one lives permanently, [redacted]
[redacted]
2. a place where something flourishes, is most typically found, or from which it originates.
3. [redacted] the [redacted] end [redacted]

death.

noun

1. the action [redacted] of [redacted] being killed; the end of the life of a [redacted] organism.
2. the destruction or [redacted] end of something.

fracture.

verb

1. [redacted] cause to break.
2. (with reference to an [redacted] other abstract thing) split or fragment so as to no longer [redacted] exist.

revenge.

verb.

1. inflict hurt or harm on someone for a [redacted] wrong done to [redacted] me [redacted]

WHAT EVER IT TAKES -DYKETANGOTEK

I DID WHAT I HAD TO
NO.

I DID WHAT I WANTED TO

I PUSHED AND I PUSHED AND I GOT MY WAY
I DON'T CARE WHO I HURT
NO.

WHAT I HURT
HE DESERVED IT EITHER WAY.

I WORKED
I DEFENDED MY WEALTH
MY LIFE
MYSELF

YOU ASK IF I REGRET IT?
NO.
I DON'T.
I GOT WHAT I WANTED

AND!
I DON'T CARE WHO GOT HURT ALONG THE WAY
EVEN IF!
I HURT MYSELF THAT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER.
BECAUSE!
THE ONLY PERSON THAT TRULY CARES ABOUT ME
IS ME.

Where's The Exit? -Vanyel

I wasn't supposed to be here. I wish I wasn't.
Sure, some people were cool. A lot of people weren't.
If I'd left a little faster, I could've actually, you know, left.
But I didn't. And now I'm stuck here.
It's a lot harder to get home without a spaceship.

I don't think I'm smarter than I am.
A lot of people around here are like that.
Twenty-step plans that involve making people hate you so one day they'll give you what you want?
Sounds pretty fucking stupid to me.

I don't want power to be better than people.
I don't want power to make people do what I want.
I want power because it's the only guarantee of safety.
Money isn't. Friends aren't.
Power is the only absolute shield.

Slime. Charlie. Whatever.
You didn't deserve what we did to you.
But things around here don't really care what you deserve, you know? It's about survival.
I'm not gonna apologize. I did what I had to do.
I just thought you should know, it wasn't about you.
Plus you got to shove me off a railing. That fucking hurt, so, I guess we're even.
An apology doesn't mean anything if you don't actually regret what you did.
My only regret is that I didn't kill Quackity before he got to the fuses.
So sorry, Quackity. I'll kill you sooner next time.
If we get a next time.

I hope we don't.

Quackity was hard to find. He use to be everywhere, and talk to everyone. Now he's closer to a ghost. But I found him, eventually.

These poems are his

I'LL SHOW THAT MOTHERFUCKER A THING OR TWO ABOUT WRITING POEMS FOR MY COUNTRY

-Prism

**Look at me I am
the pompous ass who won't fuck off I am
the Wilbur Soot I am
the sand in your shoe I am
the grime under your nails I am
the reason you'll fail I am
the nervous twitch I am
the itch you can't reach I am
the sweat trickling down skin I am
the eroded link I am
the pillar that fell I am
the reaper from Hell I am
that Ozymandias tyrant I am
the one who runs rampant I am
the one who will ruin you**

Proposal for **a**dvertising brochure, because Fundy's
supposed to be the writer but h 's gone missing in one
of the casinos again. CAn't believe this sh t. Have to do
everything by my F CKINgG self around here. whY the
fuck **a**re typewriters so hard o usE. -Prism

WELCOME TO LAS NEVADAS

Where everything is more than **a**n meets the eye!

Where your **c**anines are more than **b**one!

Where your diamonds are **m**ore than rocks!

Where you're more than the depression you **l**eave in the ground!

Everything is here for a **r**eason!

Yes, even the scorp**i**ons!

They may bite!

They **m**ay **s**ting!

They may **l**eave you **w**eeping and printing a deeper
de**p**ression in the cold sand!

But that's part of the fun!

You knew that **a**lready, didn't you!

So come on in to **L**as Nev**a**das!

see i'm not good at this shit. my h nds hurt so much

discourse on urbanism -Seph

written on blueprints:

so the view from the top is blue and pretty
and sometimes pink and red and ugly but
that might just be from my eye that has
scarred over. a pickaxe through the teeth

or whatever. point is i am king of a nation
sovereign and built from my own two
hands. clouds cut through the needle
not from my hands but from someone

else's but its not a hand that matters
because it's not theirs and— okay so
clouds should cut through the needle,
an extra eye for the one I have lost. I

was blind before so being blind now
isn't much of a difference. back to
blueprints. handprints. red prints from the
blood of a heart I ate (maybe) blood from

bodies I've maimed (certainly) but the
lines on this page are all worth it. the pain
I mean. it's all worth it. the ends justify the
needs. means. whatever. I can solve the

problems i created (lie) i can open both eyes
(lie) I can stick to my principles (truth, maybe)
I'm not dying. and neither is my civilization*
that's the whole, honest truth about it all.

*inspired by the opening lines of aime ceasire's poem discourse of colonialism:

" a civilization that proves incapable of solving the problems it creates it is a decadent civilization
A civilization that chooses to close its eyes to its most crucial problems is a sick civilization
A civilization that plays fast and loose with its principles is a dying civilization"

*I don't think I'm technically
allowed to go into the
Snowchester mansion, but
there wasn't anyone to stop
me.*

*It seems wrong not to
preserve at least a part of
their legacy.*

*These were written by
Ranboo*

And his ghost.

Find My Bones -Sophia

I know it's selfish to ask for more,
to call you back
to call you here, to me,
to my wretched body.

And all I want is a thousand more
moments,
a thousand and ten.

One for the chamomile in the air,
and nine for Him.

I keep playing worship and no one answers,
no one calls back to me with greater purpose.

But break my urn,
break my bones,
break me in two and i'll be in his hands,
begging for a thousand more moments.

Sacrilege has always burned me,
but not for him.
I am the truest worshiper.
Yet I never chose him.

But it's always been leading, it's always
been a pull that rips,
Flesh from bone from tendon.

So let me ask for more.
Find my bones and call me home.

Reflection Looking Back -Cupsm

A mirror is a projection of the soul, isn't that what they say?
Though what of the spirit that stares into the bay?
What does it say about me,
Who stares deeply into the sea?

Because I'm here, I'm the soul, and the mirror tells me nothing
I only see the scars underneath my eyes,
The apathy in my cheeks
And the emptiness in the pit of my gut
How could I have gotten here?

My ghost tells me through ripples, that the house is still empty
That he wandered there, that he can't bear to leave
It reminds me about you
This pond is clear
And through it I can see your face
You're nowhere near the house, nowhere near my specter
You have white lilies up your arms but my name's never uttered from your mouth
And you take steps of distance like you're mourning
But the grief doesn't strike your face

How did we get here?
There's nothing clear about you
You built a house for two
And for our child, for him to experience something new
Yet you move forward like the wood isn't haunted
You run like I'm never coming back, that I'm a figment of the past
My afterlife rains, but your silence burns the most

Because I'm here, I'm your husband, though the pond mirror begs me to look deeper
I see the fatigue bruise beneath your lashes
The bitterness in your tight grimaces
You have a similar void inside your stomach
It's funny how we've gotten here

My memories remind me, that my admission is still unspoken
That I trapped you there, though you screamed to leave
It reminds me about you
This pond is bloodied
And through it I can see your face
You're still searching for a home, even though you reside in yours
You have alliums in your fists, and it almost hurts to see you that patient
You've taken steps of distance like you're afraid
But anguish paints your face

How did we get here?
There's nothing clear about this
You held your hand out for mine without remiss
Confident, though we barely knew each other, oh how I reminisce
You move forward as if I haven't broken that trust
And I see you run as if it wasn't my fault, like I wasn't the catalyst
My afterlife pours, but your naivety hurts the most

Because I'm here, I'm your friend, and I am forced to sink my hands in the lake
Exhaustion clings to your once broad shoulders
Anger bubbles at the corners of your lips
And the emptiness explodes from your chest
I'm remorseful that we've gotten here

A mirror is a projection into the soul, isn't that what they say?
And so, I'm here, an eternity to analyze myself.
What does it say about me,
That it doesn't help me find any answers?

The mirror is a reflection
And the soul hasn't healed enough to look back.
And the ghost waits in that house,
Avoiding both love and much needed conversations,
Until it can

Become Our Reckoning -Glory

Robert Wilbur
Advice to a Prophet

When you come, as you must,
to the streets of our city,
stating the obvious; begging us
to have self-pity -

Spare us word of weapons, or their force
and range; our reckoning will be to fear,
You scare us with talk of death;
How should we dream of this place without us? -

The sun is about us, on our face.

Speak of change we cannot conceive;
an undreamt thing.
Our cost - how the cloud crumbles,
vines blackened by dreams.

You told us that deer will slip
into perfect shade, avoid the reaches
of our eyes; lose its knuckled grip; on the
cold ledge, a torrential burn.

Should we be without the dove's return?

We have seen ourselves and spoken, prophet -
how do we call forth that live tongue dispelled?
Broken in our love, beheld the soul unshelled,
all we wish to mean.

Ask us , prophet, whether the rose shall fail us -
come demanding lofty or long-standing, the
annals of the oak-tree
close.

{Falling stars, down into broken bodies}.

Particles, Invisible and Visible -Landofspaceandrainbows

The Giger Counter hisses
I sit here

On the edge of this yawning hole
Of Tubbo's and Jack's ideas.
Surrounded by a gale of invisible particles,
And wonder, where are they going
Where are they coming from
And what is their destination?

The snow falls around me
It has a color
No matter how often Hannah tells me it doesn't
With her paintbrushes and floral dyes
A semi - color I semi - know.
Much like this semi color I am learning here
This invisible color

And so I sit here,
Between the downward drift of particles I know
And the wind of particles
I am only beginning to understand.
But understand it I will!

When melted, it's dangerous, but
Right now the snow lays flat
Floats downward, blanketing the rock besides me,
This crevasse beneath my feet
From which this invisible wind
Of Tubbo's creation flows

And right now the snow's blanketing
The pines, the foxes, the bears, the owls, the sleeping rabbits...

I wonder who among the gods, XD, or Krysten,
Or some other god.
Looks over those,
Who rush from place to place invisible.
And who has mercy on their small forms.

Honestly when I went to see
Sam, I'm surprised he wrote
any poems at all

I didn't know someone so
broken could even write
anything at all, never mind
poems

Not Thin, Whole -Cupsm

Like a piece of paper curdled by the fire,
Settled ash in the depths of a chimney
I stain.

Once a fortress promising people protection,
A fortified beacon of strength and ingenuity,
I crumble

I am 10 times thinner than I used to be
Just a body split apart
Like I'm trying to check off all the boxes people want of me

I'm dancing between the wind
A thousand unsent apologies forgotten by the storm
Like I'm trying to make up for all that I did

I am a person,
Who knows more about creating than predicting
I was never one step ahead, I was walking backwards like I expected the ground to catch me
Like I expected my hands to forgive, rather than destroy
Like I expected the rules to be just, rather than wicked
I thought I could see the future, though I missed the part where it took my eye

I am a warden,
Who knows more about cruelty than protecting
I was never one for slipping, I thought I was strong enough to plant my two feet into the ground
Like I expected any problem to have an easy solution
Like I expected the rules to make sense, gods there must be some sense to them
I assumed my wits could be my bravery, though I missed the part where it became short-sight

Good and evil
What does it matter?
Nothing does
I've somehow been both, enough it loses sense

Thinking and rebuilding
What does it matter?
Nothing does
I've somehow tried both, and they both failed

A bank in the making, prospering
Cold stone emptiness, desolate, people keeping their distance.

A hotel in the making, welcoming
Cold concrete emptiness, destroyed, people keeping their distance

A man in the making, trying
Cold chestplate emptiness, different, people keeping their distance

How do you describe to someone that you are as thin as a piece of parchment
Burning up in a fireplace?
Because you were an engineer, ingenious
A warden, protector
A person, trying
Good, not wicked
Brave, not short-sighted
Clairvoyant, not lost
You were, at least you thought.

Maybe you were just a person, thin
Spreading himself so fragile till the breaking point
And now you pick up the pieces
And put the parchment man back together again
Stains in the creases of the page
Hoping to start again, whole

-Landofspaceandrainbows

Dawn

Daylight Sensor - 6

Draw back tinted glass from farm

Red dust, note block B...

Dusk

Daylight sensor - 8

Bonemeal, coffee, teeth on bones,

Fingers in soft white fur

The Warden -Lobelia

A machine I made, my body in order to replicate
With it I found I could defy the common fate
Restore health, we'd no longer be so helpless
The possibilities of my creation were endless

Yet he, who's lived for eons, with it didn't align
And my offer of eternal life he chose to decline
While I would now live for centuries to come
To age and decay he would someday succumb

I became the Warden, my work away from the sun
Protecting these lands from that wicked man
Keeping him inside, where he was meant to be
After all his crimes he could never again be free

It was going well, until that boy came to see him
And little did I know that visit would wind up grim
An explosion blocked any access to the main cell
Thus, then, in the prison sounded the death knell

Then the torturer came to see me, to strike a deal
Inflict on the evil man the pain he deserved to feel
He wanted the knowledge only the prisoner had
Letting the prisoner have it was driving him mad

At first, I hesitated, the prison's security was at stake
But I was tempted, I wanted the prisoner's will to break
And the idea was to come in and bring him to his knees
Agreeing, I let the torturer come and do as he'd please

It went on for months, until it came, the day
When he managed from the prison to break away
I took a hostage, there was blood I had to spill
To no avail, my purpose it had failed to fulfill

Only to later be locked in the place I used to run
To be found by the once prisoner, the evil man
He kept me there, of course, heartless as he is
As if there was any hope for his evils to cease

Yet, he did less than I anticipated, I wonder why
Then again, all he ever knows how to do is lie
But in the end, he did decide to let me go free
Although not before he took one life from me

At last, I am out of that wretched cell
While he instead stayed in his own hell
But I can never rest until he disappears
His death taking away this world's fears

Quackity told me I might find
some old writing in the ashes
of the White House

I didn't think he'd be right

Here's writing by Schlatt, Ex-
President of ~~L'Manburg~~
Manburg

A letter Written To Vice President Canidate Quackity

-Aim

Forgive me, I'm not a poet
Just a man of fancy words

Should I quote Shakespear?
The stories of lovers, stories of traitors
Romeo and Juliet is romantic, right?
And you're one yourself

Your ambition
A mirror of mine
A leader Manburg needs
For actions and tongues equally cruel
Ones that will do what you need to do

Forgive me, I'm not a poet
I won't be tomorrow either
So I shall write today

But I'm not a politician either
Just a man who looks upon crumbling walls
And sees the birth of potential
Of something grand and eternal
Something to cast our names in stone

Won't you join me?
Take my hand in cheated victory?

Forgive me, I'm not a poet
My words are always plain and direct
Spoken like a man who knows what he wants
And will pay the price
To hold it in his hands

I've made yourself clear
Yet your words are still twiced puzzles
So lets make this simple
Join me and love me
And pay the price beside me

Butcher Constitution -Dyketangotek

L'Manburg

Forever the nation upon our great land

rob

Imprison

Threaten

Kill

men .

This time of tyranny declares

that the nation

shall be known as Manberg is the nation of DreamSMP.

The masters of men.

it becomes necessary to dissolve the bonds

tyranny.

the right of the king.

The right of the government and the right of the economy.

shall prevail.

the pursuit of victory.

Unbutchered Constitution

Forever the nation of the DreamSMP have cast great sins upon our great land of the hto dog van. They have robbed us. Imprisoned us. Threatened us. Killed many of our men. This time of tyranny ends with us This book declares that the nation which shall be henceforth known as L'Manberg iseperate, emancipated and independant from the nation of DreamSMP. The union of the masters of men.

Together we are one. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one to dissolve the bonds which bind us. Disregarding of this truth is nothing s hort of tyranny. WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF EVIDENT. THAT ALL _MEN_ ARE CREATED EQUAL The right of the people exists above the right of the king. The right of the government and the right of the economy From the hto dog van we shall prevail. Life. Liberty. And the pursuit of victory.

A Presidential Lovestory. -Glory

Carol Ann Duffy

Anne Hathaway

You loved a spinning world;
 castles torched,
 stars which fell down to your body,
 dancing in nights dreamed in bed,
 beneath your lover's hands.

Drama played in another bed;
He holds you in the casket,
 of his widower's heart,
 as he would hold you down,
 in that other bed.

Isn't this what you wanted?;
 drowned out declarations
 of ambitiously opened mouths,
 that have rotted teeth in a skull,
 a heart chewed, in that casket.

*I've never met Slime before.
I fear I missed someone
great from the way his
friends have spoken about
him*

*At least I still have his
poems to go off of*

-Prism

i.

in flame he rides up on his sacred horse
more daring and more brave than any Norse
he flares his wings and bares his teeth and says
that anyone who dares defy is dead

he's not the first or last of them to rend
his poor smug foes dissected limb from limb
the blackened cape and mask serve to infer
descendant from a line of Grim Reapers

ii.

the riddle of the Sphinx made literal
so far he will climb, so far will he fall
too old to walk without a rapier
too young to grow out any facial hair

he's cut and cuts albeit frail and he
wishes safety did not leave him be
sees frailty so familiar in the slime
"know he has taken love from you and i"

iii.

foolish, the Reaper does hope he can stake
and the Sphinx's riddle hopes he's of age
me as intended proof they cannot bleed
brought me before their bruised and bloody knees

here bide these two, eye-to-eye
and I, who is on neither side

-Rezfalling

He says I love too much
Just because I linger one second longer than I
should.

What does he mean by “too much”?
For years the problem has been loving too little
But I will not fall victim
To the universe’s desires.

I think my love is just enough.
Maybe he has never been loved like I love him.
Hands of bitter alcohol, grey mist,
Burning fire, cigarette smoke
Have touched his life for far too long.
It is arrogant for me to think my hands of history
Could heal his mind and heart

But I will try all the same.

–Rovin

There is blood in my veins.
There are bones in my brains.
There's a pep in my step.
There's a country to be led.
Got a friend that tells me
What we need or goals to be,
But I've seen it all before
So I know how these things go.
There are nerves in my face.
They control how it behaves.
There is food that I chew,
Or whatever humans do.
See the roads sprawling out.
Advertisements playing loud.
But I'm thousands of years old,
So I know we've not struck gold.
There's a breath that I take.
There is oxygen I make.
And I can make my heart beat,
If that's assurance you need.
You have laid bare your soul.
Let me see past your role.
You have taught me to be human,
I will teach you a trust fall.



TICK

TICK

TICK

TICK

TICK

TICK

TICK

Yearning

-Aim

And he said
With his hands bathed in gunpowder
Scrapes and scars
On a hardened button
That'll bring Armageddon

"We are the last holy ones
With souls of gold
Don't let them douse you
With fake holy water
To make us rust"

And he said
With a smile on his shaking lips
That may or may not
Have been chewed to Hell and back

"Lazarus returned
From a fate well deserved
I'll be back
Cross my heart"

And he said
With a sword in his chest
Soon to be
A horrid corpse

"And hope to die"

And he said
Dying on the ground
Each breath a rasp
Eyes stuck to heaven

"We are not going to be raptured
And never were"

And I said
Now brotherless

And I said
On my fucking own

And I said
Looking towards his tempting path
Of Samson and Saul
Judas, Jocasta

And I said
One step from joining you
Aegeus and Ahitophel too

"Fuck
I miss you man"

my body a grave -Cryingtulips

My body is not here
It lays undisturbed
Covered by the land
we call our home

There is dirt in my lungs
with roots digging in my heart
As the worms play
Between my ribs

There's an unknown peace
That death brings
The solace of futile living
Cut tenderly short

I close my endlessly
weary eyes
As daisies sprout
From my body a grave

familiar -Glare

when you were young,
bright eyed, bushy tailed, and barely 16,
the feel of green grass blades itching your ankles
was a welcome discomfort.

and it is familiar.

when you left behind the grass,
and sunlight was more of a concept then a constant,
dry dirt and cigarette ash dug their way into the crevices of your nails
and stayed more often than not.

and it is familiar.

when you feel defeat,
and your world has turned its back to you,
the comfort of warmth and colors surround you;
reds and yellows on ripped flags,
blacks and browns on trench coats,
bright green and light green and in-between greens to keep your feet on the ground.

and it is familiar.

Here, there is no long grass.
Here, the grass is short and sparse,
And wet sand finds its way into your nails more than dirt,
And the ash is from explosions rather than cigarettes,
And the only colors you see are sky blue
And ocean blue
And lapis blue
And blood red
And, on occasion,
Lime Green.
It is nice.

and it is familiar.

Tubbo is often shy about his writings, and I'm surprised he was willing to share at all.

But I'm glad he was. He's a good poet despite what he says

Locked Away by fallen rain. -Glory

Sara Teasdale

There will come soft rains (with some added lines by me)

There will come soft swallows

 circling with their

 shimmering sound.

There'll be time for winter's day,

Tonight is a summer's evening.

Singing at night, wild in

 tremulous white, gold, black, red;

 their fire whistling

 at a low-fence wire.

No-one will know of the war,

No-one will care, that,

 at last --

 When it's done,

 the whistling has gone cold.

No-one would mind --

 if we perished

 utterly;

 {Falling stars, down into broken bodies}.

I'm a second hand's third hand,

Hand-me-down speeches, ill fitted helm,

Taking it by the horns, until we remember -

We woke at dawn, putting on our coats, scarcely knowing,

 that we were already gone.

Mirror Mirror -Qwerty

I am a garden
Grown to seed
Every seed
A stray offshoot
Left by the people
I left behind

I am a chimera
Built
Piece by Piece
By the people
Who chose to stay

I read about
The Ship of Theseus
Replaced
Loved
So Often
That no one is sure
Who it is
Anymore

I am the mast
Buffeted
Against
The Wind
At my Back
Pushing Me
And my Passengers
Along

Best friend
Left-hand man
Spy
Scientist
Husband
Inventor
Father
Widower

I am Tubbo
Whoever he is
I am

The Second Stage -Qwerty

wandering through a graveyard of touchstones
my fingers brush against the seasoned wood
of the home we used to share
I still share
with your ghost

I see him
on the horizon
his painted grin
a mockery
of your quiet smile

winter sunlight pierces at my brain
shards of sunlight
pushing in
pushing out anything other
than its blinding whiteness

I turn away

anger jangles in my head
like loose change
sharp thoughts
nibbling
at the edge of my nerves
like vermin

and you're six feet under
but it's me with the weight
of the earth
on my shoulders
pressing down

and all these little angers
press in
and in
and
in

I hold my temper in both hands
gentle like
and wait
for the shaking
to stop

I am still waiting

and in the epilogue, there are only explosions -Seph

In the calm of the morning after I let go of any peaceful ends.

I have a son, had a husband. I made a country and lived in it.

Winter comes knocking with arms full of Snowchester. at the top of the world forgiveness burns with the cold air.

(New L'manberg's ashes still cling to her boots.

Fall is still rolling in L'manberg's

I get a broom and dustpan and get to work)

The fire is roaring mad and Winter looks right at home with the light dancing across her features.

She tells me stories of her siblings. Summer is doing fine and swears to give me my rage back. Spring apologizes for not being there during my solitude. Fall sends his best wishes, still promising friendship and family. Winter twists with Fall's words. It's okay. I know sixteen ways to kill a man and sixteen hundred to break a promise.

I ask Winter why she insists on sticking close to what chases her away. She's learned from the best, apparently.

Fall does visit, long after Winter. There's something stronger than TNT and I've finally solved the mystery. Fall looks me in the eye right through to the cold Winter left behind from our fireside chat.

(Fall is a wonderful teacher. He tells me there will be more firesides in my future.

~~"Haven't there been enough?" "Never."~~)

In the certainty of... before I accept Fall's truth.

I have a son, have ghosts. I dig myself a grave and watch the fiery end.

Wilbur as a poet has never
needed any introduction

He's been writing from the
start

Though he has stopped
sharing them with me awhile
back

These were left behind when
he went back home. Where
ever that is

Wellyboots -Cat

I'd once worn a pair of wellyboots
Yellow and brand-new
They took me down muddy paths,
And gnarled brambles
I'd walked with them for years
So long that they went brown
Their soles grown old and worn
But still my wellyboots did walk
And I wore them all the same.

I met a woman who wore wellyboots just as I,
Whose name I've long forgotten
But her boots are clear as day
Pink and a little dusty
A wanderlust I can't define
But she settled down with me
And the rest is history
(She left, of course, as all wild things do
Packed her boots and bid me adieu
With our son asleep,
Snoring in the back room.)

I met a man in black loafers
And fingers studded gold
He said to me,
Suit stained with vodka, death, rum,
*"Your victories are a footnote
And your tears a commodity
Go home, revolutionary, wordsmith, failure,
For poetry is not meant to last."*

I knew a boy down the street
Who wore no shoes at all
He was candescent, that child
Glowing from within,
A wick refusing to snuff
He ran through glass and gravel, thickets and thorns
Trailing pride and loyalty
He hasn't quite earned
(I think he loved me
But I hated our legacy more)
And once upon a time,
I'd used to call him brother.

My father wore green sandals
And replaced them every year
He told me shoes are not people
They do not feel
They do not cry
And they start to hurt, see,
When their soles grow thin
And familiar dye begins to fade
So he'd ruffle my hair, call me son,
And toss them in the bin.

But now I am a little older
And my wellies are getting colder
I am surrounded by
A woman,
A ghost,
A brother,
A father,
And Death, gently lingering

So I think it's high time
I take off these dirty shoes
And rest my aching legs.

They were my wellyboots, you see
So they took care of me.

DANDELIONS IN UTAH -CUPSM

I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE NO TALLER THAN MY HIP,
A DANDELION BUDDING IN THE CRACKS OF THE CEMENT
ARMS REACHING, FIGHTING, CLAWING, PRAYING
TO NO GREAT HEIGHTS, BUT TO THE SKY, TO FREEDOM AND BEYOND
AS IF THE WORLD WAS MEANT TO ACCEPT YOUR HANDS
AS IF I COULD MEET THEM, GIVE YOU THAT, THE WORLD, AND MORE
INSTEAD, THE WORLD SLIPPED THROUGH MY FINGERS
I'LL ALWAYS BE SORRY FOR FAILING YOU

I SIT HERE, SHOES SCUFFED WITH SAND AND MY TEETH FULL OF GRIT
LESS FROM THE SAND AND TOBACCO, AND MORE FROM THE GRIEF
SURROUNDED BY LESS FIRE BUT JUST AS MUCH FUEL AS BEFORE
I THOUGHT SPACE WOULD HELP
AND IT IS
BUT WHENEVER I LOOK TO THE HORIZON, SUNSHINE SWIRLING
I THINK TO YOU, AND I BEGIN TO LAY DOWN MY REGRETS UNDERNEATH THE PAVEMENT
I MEANT TO GIVE YOU SECURITY
YET I LED YOU TO BE CRUSHED BENEATH SHOES ALONG THE CONCRETE

WHEN YOU WERE NEARLY AS TALL AS ME, WE CREATED A NATION
A VINE GROWING UP THE WALLS OF AN OLD BRICK HOUSE TURNED HOME
PALMS DISCOVERING, FIGHTING, PROTECTING
TO GREAT CLIFFS, WALLS TOWARDS THE SKY, FLOWERS IN THE DIRT, AND MORE
AS IF YOU WERE SOME HERO, HERE TO PUSH THROUGH TYRANNY
AS IF I COULD MAKE SURE YOU LIVED TO SEE THAT THROUGH
INSTEAD, YOU HAD TO GIVE UP TWO LIVES, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY YOUR FREEDOM
I'LL ALWAYS BE SORRY FOR NEVER THANKING YOU

I STAND HERE, BEHIND A CHIPPED COUNTER WITH INGENUINE GOODBYES IN MY LIPS
LESS FROM THE APATHY AND DISGUST, AND MORE FROM THE FEAR OF ATTACHMENT
SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE NO CLOSER TO ME THAN BEFORE
I THOUGHT SPACE WOULD HELP
AND IT IS
BUT WHENEVER I LOOK AT THE PHONE ON THE COUNTER
I THINK TO YOU AND OUR LAST CONVERSATION
I GAVE YOU SECURITY, I HOPE, IN THAT RUSH JOB OF A BOOK
EVEN THOUGH YOU CRIED IN SILENCE, STARING OUT OVER THE HORIZON, AS I LEFT

I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE NO TALLER THAN MY HIP
I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE UP TO MY SHOULDERS AND MORE
I CAN THINK BACK TO WHEN YOU STARED AT ME RIGHT IN THE EYE
I CAN RECALL WHEN YOU COULDN'T MEET THEM AT ALL
THEN WE'RE THERE ON MY LAST NIGHT AT THAT DREADED PLACE
BORING YOUR PUPILS INTO THE BACK OF MY SKULL
WAITING FOR THE DAY WE SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN

I THOUGHT THE SPACE WOULD HELP
AND IT IS
BUT I HAVE SO MUCH TO THINK ABOUT, ABOUT YOU IN PARTICULAR
AND I THINK THAT MEANS I OWE IT TO YOU
TO FORGIVE MYSELF
AND MAYBE THAT MEANS I END MY SHIFTS
CICADA'S WARM, KEY RING FOR LOCKING UP COOL AGAINST MY PINKIE FINGER
WITH MY BACK AGAINST THE DOOR SCREAMING IN THE QUIET
PERHAPS THAT MEANS I WORK MY WAY UP TO GIVING YOU THE GAS STATION NUMBER
AND I GAIN THE COURAGE TO ANSWER YOUR CALLS

I THOUGHT THE SPACE WOULD HELP
AND IT WILL
ONE DAY I CAN FORGIVE MYSELF
AND YOU WILL SEE ME BACK ON THE HORIZON
DANDELION SEED IN THE WIND
READY TO PLANT RIGHT NEXT TO YOU

I Built You a Temple (But You Made Me Your God) -Qwerty

I built a country in my love for you

Your eyes shine
Like sacred fire
Reflecting the light
You think you see
In me

You have it backward
You are the temple
I am the acolyte

I am a bad acolyte
I will make a worse God

I vandalise our holy scripture
In the vague hope
That you pull my hand away

You never do

Eyes pleading
You shackle yourself to the ghost
Of a fable
Clinging to the lifelines you make
Of old memories
Old places
Without recognising them
For the chains
They truly are

The story I spun for you
Like a blanket
Against the cold
I now wind around my neck
Noose set
Waiting for the gentle push
That will tip us over the edge

A ghost in the amber
I chafe against the mould
You set for me
Chiselling myself down
To fit

Raw edges
Bleeding out
Untreated
You cling to my too-dead hand
Fingers interweaving fingers
Impossible to untangle
And so I raise the chisel
Once more

Cause home is where you hang yourself!
(Or so the saying goes)
And the last hymns are wringing out
Their worry-worn hands
Laced with lies and false promises

And one truth I say to your face
But no one believes

Like the rest of us
This place has been dying
From the moment it was born

And it's with a quickening touch
Of Radiance
That I break my heart,
Like bread,
And offer it to you,

A holy communion

I built a country in my love for you
I killed a country no longer worthy of you

a man of "ancient, historic and distinguished lineage"
—condemned and "very bloodily handled".

and a search of his person revealed a pocket watch, several [slow matches](#) and touchwood.

The first meeting between the five conspirators their stored gunpowder had built their hopes.
entering into an undertaking which might involve the destruction of the innocent, together with the guilty.
and no trace of one has ever been found.

"Let us give the attempt and where it faileth, pass no further."¹
, et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur

which forbade rebellion.

More gunpowder was brought into the room, along with firewood to conceal it.¹

gunpowder stored in the undercroft had decayed. hardly the actions of a guilty man, he claimed.

Although gunpowder does not explode unless physically contained, a spark from the fire landed on the powder and the resultant flames engulfed those caught up in the aftermath of the plot.¹

Only two confessions were printed in full: a head-and-torso fragment of a statue
signing off the report with the final three lines of the poem.

or it may indicate that writing a shorter version of his name was less painful.

What If the Gunpowder Plot Had Succeeded?

Unexploded ordnance

the fate of history and the ravages of time still pose a risk of [detonation](#), sometimes many decades after they were used or discarded.

TNT has become the most widely used explosive and thus its toxicity is the most characterized and reported.

; a successful rebellion would have been unlikely; ; and caution would be taken when visiting the ruins.

Extra Poems Gathered from the SMP

MONTERO-Lil Nas X -Glare

Two **Old Town Roads** diverged,
And I took the one less traveled by.
Where has it led me?
The treehouse in the sky.

The people here are nice,
If not a little strange;
They act unusual and care about things
That seem childish and immature.

But they're all children, aren't they?
The Art of Realization only provides
That what was lost to them becomes found.
Peace, civility, **Void**.

As the **Sun Goes Down**, so does the treehouse.
It's not that **I Don't Want It**,
But instead that I don't need it.
One day, these people will learn
that they are not **Dead Right Now**.
They are alive, and they need to live.

Am I Dreaming?

I'll wake up, and I'll continue on.
I'll **Kick It**, take a **Holiday**, relax.
Just as I've come down from my treehouse,
I hope to **Bring U Down** too.

It's fun to live in your treehouse,
But I hope they touch the grass.

connor's very poetic poem -Prism

big lore? big drama?
no, just stuck in prison
that big green dude sucks
doesn't even listen (to me)

finally someone's here
it's a jailbreak, poggers
they weren't here for me but that's ok
it starts to feel like winter

outside is literal anarchy even though
there are no countries to topple anymore
i found a red poppy in the snow
and set up a new base next door

i have stayed here for seasons
these guys make me lots of tea
there are no signs of any gods here
and that is very comforting to me

phil and techno like to spar outside
while ranboo plays with his son in the snow
i thought that dude hates water so that's kind of weird
but i guess that's how his love shows

techno doesn't say much but i respect that about him
phil is very old but not very scary
techno is very scary but they're both very friendly
phil's wings spread when he laughs like a nice Death fairy

niki bakes cakes and other kinds of pastries
she doesn't wear a cape though it's cold
she says the oven is warm enough for her
as well as the Stronghold

when snowflakes fall cuz we're in the arctic
my red poppy grows
big man stays in a vase on the windowsill
while i hang with my new bros

big lore? big drama?
no, i'm just chilling by the fire
eating muffins and drinking hot cocoa
and shed a tear though i'm not much of a crier